

TO THOSE KIND FRIENDS

WHO

LOVED MY CHILD IN HIS LIFE

AND

LAMENTED HIM IN HIS DEATH

THIS MEMORIAL OF HIM

IS PRESENTED,

BY THEIR GRATEFUL & AFFECTIONATE

M. M A D A N.



His Saltem accumulem donis, & sungar inani

Munere —————

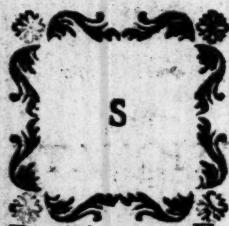
(1769?)

1608/2954 1608/5414

E L E G Y

Occasioned by the Loss of my SWEET WILLIAM, who began to droop August 26, 1769 — languished till the 31st — and then died Aged Ten Years and Six Months.

AND THE KING WAS MUCH MOVED, AND WENT UP TO THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE, AND WEPT, AND AS HE WENT THUS HE SAID — O MY SON ABSALOM MY SON, MY SON ABSALOM! — WOULD GOD I HAD DIED FOR THEE, O ABSALOM MY SON! MY SON! 2. Sam. xviii. 33.



HALL I like *Israel's* King to Sorrow fly
Whilst ABSALOM my Son! my Son! I cry
Could He lament the youthful Rebel's Fate,
Weep o'er the Traitor--nor the Murd'rer hate
By his own Fault the wilful Youth had dy'd,
Aiming his Sword at his own Father's Side.

But all's forgot---each blackest Crime's remov'd:
DAVID has nought to tell, but how he lov'd.

What Measure, then, can Grief like mine e'er know?
Or what forbid such Tears as mine to flow?
No such Alloy the precious Gold debas'd,
No Acts like these my lovely Child disgrac'd.
He stood confess'd his Parent's Joy and Pride,
"Nor ever caus'd them Grief, but when he dy'd,"

Say, Thou dear MOTHER of our lovely Boy,
 Who shar'st my Grievs, and doublest all my Joy!
 Say, can we bear unmov'd this heavy Cross,
 Or live insensible to such a Loss?
 The awful Blow is struck---the Arrow's flown---
 And our sweet WILLIAM is for ever gone!
 Thy kindred Heart a Grief like mine must prove,
 And join in Sorrow, as it join'd in Love.

Ye Sons of APATHY's detested Stock,
 Whose Hearts can rival the obdurate Rock;
 'Tis yours against such Woe your Breasts to steel,
 And blame the Tenderness ye cannot feel,
 Ev'n the poor Bird*bewails her rifled Nest,
 And feels the Sorrows of a Parent's Breast;
 With plaintive Notes, on some sequester'd Spray,
 She sits and sings the mournful Hours away.

His lovely Form a lovelier Soul contain'd,
 Where every sweetest Temper mildly reign'd;
 There brilliant Wit, there keen Discernment shone;
 And native Humour "mark'd him for her own."
 O'er his strong Sense, quick Parts, and manly Taste,
 Self-diffidence her sober Mantle cast,
 And Modesty his gentle Manners grac'd.

O can

- * Alluding to that inimitable Passage of the Roman Poet---

Qualis Populea mœrens *Philomela* sub umbra
 Amissos queritur fœtus; quos durus Arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile Carmen
 Integrat, & mæstis late loca Quæstibus implet.

Thus *Philomel* beneath the Poplar Shade
 Laments her unfledg'd Brood, which some rude Swain
 Hath from the Nest with Hand relentlessly torn:
 Lonely she sits, and thro' the Night's still Gloom
 Utters her Sorrows, warbles forth her Grief,
 And fills the Woodland with melodious Woe.

O can I e'er forget how oft I've hung
 On the dear Pleasure of his tuneful Tongue!
 How oft I've sat with fond Attention fix'd,
 When with his Lyre his Lips soft Accents mix'd!
 GENIUS and TASTE their native Helps bestow'd,
 Whilst from his Hand the sprightly Measures flow'd,
 Untaught by ART, by no dull Rules confin'd,
 His Music was the Emblem of his Mind,
 Cheerful and sweet—yet solid and refin'd.

Sometimes the self-taught ARTIST would design,
 And form the Circle, or protract the Line.
 Whate'er he pleas'd his ready Pencil drew,
 And his gay Fancy started into View.

Sometimes o'er NATURE's Works he'd closely pry,
 Nor let the smallest Insect 'scape his Eye,
 Like a fix'd Centinel himself he'd plant,
 To watch the Labours of th'industrious Ant.
 Trees, Fruits and Flow'rs, by Turns employ'd his Thoughts
 And deep Reflection its Improvement brought.
 Not vainly curious—like the lab'ring Bee,
 Honey from every Flow'r he suck'd, from ev'ry Tree;
 That choicest Honey*, Wisdom's sacred Lore;
 Which taught him to reflect, admire, adore.

Ah, once-lov'd Shades! — Ah, once-delightful Grove!
 Ye soft Retreats where WILLIAM us'd to rove;
 How ye remind me of those fleeting Hours
 Which with my CHILD I've pass'd amidst your Bow'rs!
 Your Sweetness, Beauty, Fragrance, all unite
 To bring my FRIEND, my CHILD before my Sight:
 Your ev'ry Plant and Shrub do still the same;
 And on your gayest Flow'r I read his Name.

In his Heart's deep Recess SELF-KNOWLEDGE grew,
 Which led Him, as He ought, Himself to view.

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Taught by the SACRED Book's unerring Line,
(That Book whose every Page he held DIVINE)
Wise, far beyond his Years, he knew, he felt,
And mourn'd the Burden of his Nature's * Guilt:
Oft of the foul Contagion he'd complain,
And dread the Poison, as he fear'd its Bane.
Oft have I known him, in his serious Hours,
When his young Heart collected all its Pow'rs,
His Wants, His Woes, His Fears, His Hopes declare,
In all the Warmth and Eloquence of Pray'r.

Blessed! for ever blessed be his Name,
Who for HIS own my Infant deign'd to claim!
Who spread HIS EVERLASTING ARMS † beneath,
And kept, and sav'd him from the Shafts of DEATH!
(That dreadful DEATH, whose Wound no Cure can have,
That SECOND DEATH—— that HELL beyond the GRAVE)
Gave him in CHRIST eternal Life to prove,
And share the Bounties of a § SAVIOUR's Love!

Not long before my lovely Infant dy'd,
With sad Complaint thus to a Friend he cry'd:
“How this World charms, this treach'rous Heart can tell,
“I fear I love its vain Delights too well.—
“O if I'm His —— if mark'd on Life's Record.—
“I'd rather die than e'er forget my Lord!”

Such were his THOUGHTS—soon was he call'd away
To the bright Regions of eternal Day;

* Psalm li. 5.

† Deut. xxxi. 27.

§ On a leaf of his Pocket-book the following lines were found
after his Death, in his own Hand-writing.

“When I am to die

“Receive me I'll cry;

“For JESUS has lov'd me

“I cannot tell why.”

And on another leaf, “This is my Commandment that ye love one another.
John xv. 12.

Forever sav'd from all his Heart could fear;
From Sin and Sorrow, Sickness, Pain and Care.

Ah me! shall I lament my HAPPY Son!
Lament, that HEAV'N'S RIGHTEOUS WILL is done!
Shall I at Wisdom, Mercy, Truth repine!
Or murmur at the Love that's ALL DIVINE!
Ah cease, vain Wretch! — Did not OMNISCIENCE know
When to withhold, and when to strike the Blow?
If from thine Arms, thine Heart thy Child is torn,
Think to whose Arms the HAPPY Spirit's born!
View him with that distinguish'd radiant * Throng;
He shares their Transports as he joins their Song.
No dimming Veil can cloud th'enraptur'd Sight,
No Fear diminish the SUPREME Delight,
Such is the Will of Heav'n—in such a Choice
I must, I will, I can, I DO REJOICE.

These are the Reasonings of my better Mind,
These the Conclusions of my FAITH I find;
But, thro' the Weakness of this mortal Flesh,
My Wounds will often smart and bleed afresh;
Conflicting Passions in my Bosom lurk,
And Nature's finest Springs are set at work.
To my Mind's Eye my absent Child appears,
And his dear Voice salutes my Fancy's Ears;
Then pungent Sorrow will my Heart engross,
I then forget his GAIN and mourn my Loss:
Thro' lonely Paths of Discontent I stray,
While Grief assumes† HIS Form, and marks the Way.

Yet

* Rev. xiv, 1, 6.

† The eloquent Distress of the afflicted CONSTANCE must recur to
the Reader's Memory——

Grief fills the Room of my absent Child,
Lies in his Bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Stuffs out his vacant Garments with his Form;——
Then have I reason to be fond of Grief

Yet ev'n in this I see the Hand of GOD,
 And thankful bow beneath the chaf'ning Rod.
 By this I'm taught how prone my Nature is
 To seek its Happiness in worldly Bliss;
 By this I learn to raise my Thoughts above,
 And seek my Rest in GOD's eternal LOVE.
 In each Return of Grief, in ev'ry Pain,
 I read the useful Lesson o'er again.
 The friendly Pilot thus would steer my Way
 Thro' this World's Night to Heaven's endless Day:
 From Creature-confidence my Heart would save,
 Nor let my Vessel anchor on a Wave.

O THOU! who could'st constrain a Father's Heart
 With his dear ISAAC at thy Word to part,
 Thy Years are still the same, thy Truth, thy Pow'r
 Can yet support me in each trying Hour!
 Thy Strength, thine Help, thy glorious Pow'r display,
 And in my Heart exert thy SPIRIT's Sway!
 Then shall I praise my GOD with ev'ry Breath,
 And ABRAM's Trial bear—with ABRAM's Faith;
 His Steps pursue to fairer Worlds on high,
 Where Joy can never fade, and Love can never die.

E P I T A P H I U M
IN MEMORIAM
GULIELMI MADAN,
AMABILISSIMI
DECEM ANNORUM ET SEX MENSIVM
ADOLESCENTULI
OB, AUGUSTI XXXI. MDCCLXIX.

Hoc jacet in Tumulo, lethali falce recisus,
Flos, quo non Forma pulchrior alter erat,
Jam Paradisiaco viget insons Spiritus Horto,
Quod potuit Morti cedere Terra tegit.----
umphos,
Quamquam nunc sævos jactes, mors sæva, tri-
Te victam agnosces---Is redivivus erit.

E P I T A P H.
TO THE MEMORY
OF WILLIAM MADAN,
A MOST AMIABLE YOUTH,
AGED
TEN YEARS AND SIX MONTHS,
HE DIED AUGUST 31, 1769.

Translation. By a FRIEND.

*Fall'n by Death's fatal Sickle, here lies low,
A Flow'r, than which a sweeter did not blow:
This mournful Tomb conceals the earthly Clod,
The Spirit blooms i' th' Paradise of G O D.
Boast cruel Death! ---- But know, short is thy Reign,
Thou in thy turn shalt fall ---- He Rise again.*

